

# THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

## A Woman's Journal

VOL. 1.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 28, 1890.

NO. 1.

## ARTICHOKE.

M. A. BEAM.

A sudden dark comes chilling from the West;  
Stalks fiercely by, black-browed Eurocydon,  
Clutching in maddened haste the frightened  
wan,  
Sad-faced, wind-blown, gray-gown'd mist.  
The startled elms, belated in their outworn  
Summer dress  
In terror, huddle close as cowering fleeces,  
With heads bent low as mourning shattered  
peace  
And patient stand, dumb, shuddering in the  
stress.  
All gray, all dark, all overful of cloud whereon  
I look  
Save where, wild artichokes on sturdy stems  
and bold,  
Hold pigmy suns ablaze with Summer's gold  
And make a little day in my warm window  
nook.

Knoxville, Tenn.

THE  
INVISIBLE LADY MILDRED.

BY VIRGINIA ROSALIE COXE.

MISS BARTHELOW, pausing at the top of the broad staircase, grasps the balustrade as she sweeps under the sweeping memory of some news she has heard this afternoon.

She has been numbered among the fashionably bored guests who have listened to a wearisome chaos of sounds politely called "classical music," and partaken of stuffy salads and watery punches, after which they had pushed and crowded around their hostess to congratulate her upon the charming musicale she had given to her friends, and compliment her on the decorations which most of the women had been criticizing during the most artistic feints of the virtuosi. But, while Miss Barthelow had smiled, there was a tempest in her heart that was lashing itself into a maelstrom of fury, growing blacker and mightier as the seconds flashed tumultuously by.

Half an hour before, when unable to tolerate a terrible Rhapsodie Hongroise that was sandwiched in between a Concerto E minor and a Fifth Symphony in x, y, z, or something equally incomprehensible, she had gone into Mrs. Mandeville's little morning-room to escape the heat and noise, and there she had heard the news that had come with such crushing force upon her happy, sunlit mind. The room adjoined Mr. Mandeville's den and through the panels of lace-like wood carvings came the hum of men's voices, as people, mumps, and petit scandales were discussed between the sips of a Manhattan and the puffs of a Havana or a pipe. Miss Barthelow's thoughts were far away with her betrothed, who had just returned from abroad, and her mind was in that state of exuberant blissfulness that is possible only to a woman who lives in the paradisaical period elapsing between the betrothal and the wedding. She was oblivious of their conversation until the name of her fiancé was mentioned loudly by one of them and, before she knew it, he uttered words that doomed her entire future, and cast all her hopes into a purgatorial abyss of despair.

"By Jove," ejaculated one of them as he snapped a match and threw himself back in a chair; "Carter Merrill has a good thing coming over soon! I swear all the men will be crazy with envy! Do not say anything about it—he is going to spring her as a grand surprise on everyone."

"What do you mean?" drawled his companion as he mixed another life-exhausting.

"On my word, you are a laggard at news! The Lady Mildred, of course! Thought all the fellows at the club knew! He is going to bring her over from England—actually took her away from the English people—just listen to his last letter!—written from Liverpool before he sailed. I never heard such enthusiasm in my life!"

She heard the soft rustle of thin foreign paper, and heard him knock the ashes out of his pipe preparatory to reading, but she was too paralyzed with amazement and apprehension to move before he continued:

"Where the devil is the wife?"

"Oh, here it is!—the wife?—so confounded bad, can only read scraps!—You just ought to see her, old fellow! I have lost my head and heart over her beauty, and when I bring her to America she will set you all wild. Such trim, dainty limbs you never saw anywhere, and she has the softest, finest skin I ever put my hands on. Swift as a Western cyclone, and just the article to carry the town by storm. Of course, there were innumerable obstacles to surmount before I could get possession—these English bulldogs do not easily give up their pets—but such a superb creature is worth all the trouble and annoyance to which a fellow could be put. Cost me a devilish big pile, I can tell you, but the pleasure I shall have in the future will more than—er—er—I'll be hanged if I can tell what this is! Er—I hope to have her follow me in a few weeks, and then you can see for yourself what old England can produce. I always thought that we had the best in America, but I've changed my mind since I came over this time. I shall rid myself of the—er—old one, just as soon as I arrive, but the poor thing will grieve herself to death when she sees her successor. I wish some of you fellows would take her off my hands. Of course, everybody will be surprised, because I always swore by the old girl and vowed she was the only—something—can't make it out—he did not know how to spell it, for all the letters are jumbled into one—but since I've seen this new beauty, I've no use for the other now. By the way, her name is Lady Mildred, but I call her 'Dolly' for convenient brevity."

Miss Barthelow buried her head in the conchoid of sofa-pillows, and pressed her hands tightly over her ears to avoid hearing more, while every drop of young blood leaped in riotous rebellion against the man who has dared write about her, his promised wife, in this reckless, irreverent manner. Her father and brother are out of town and she has no one to appeal to, but with an enraged dignity make her courageous, and she feels perfectly capable of meeting the enemy herself. "Dolly!" The very name creates a fair-haired, pink-tinted creature—who is lovable, kissable, squeezable—a woman who has every man at her feet, playing with those whom she does not want, teasing those she likes, ensnaring those she fancies, while all the while she loves—only one, and that is 'Dolly'!

Bidding her hostess a hasty adieu, she drives home in the pale light of the fading day, her hopes and her happiness dying also with the vanishing light, while the darkness that is spreading its shadows over the earth is in pathetic harmony with the bitterness and sadness in her crucified heart. Summoning her maid, she dismantles her room of all the souvenirs of travel he had sent from abroad—Florentine mosaics, Dresden vases, dainty Venetian glass, and rich draperies of the Orient.

"These are to be packed and sent early in the morning to Mr. Merrill's home," she says with a sob-thrilled quiver in her voice. Her head throbs, her heart pulsates with anguish, and her body trembles beneath the tornado of thoughts and emotions.

When the chimes merrily carol the hour of nine, Mr. Merrill waits in the drawing-room for his fiancée, no intimation of coming trouble agitating the serenity of his mind. He strokes his moustache affectionately, pats Conqueror, the dog, on his big furry back, and mentally debates whether Canada or California would be most desirable for a wedding journey when the happy day arrives. He hears the frou-frou of a woman's dress in the hall, inhales the faintest odor of Matsukita du Japon above the perfume of violets and roses that are throwing their fragrance in unrestrained confusion throughout the rooms—he always despised perfumes after that—sees the beloved face again, the dark portiere, rushes forward to take the dear form in his arms, but is deterred by the foreboding expression on her face—an expression that proclaims too plainly: "Do not dare to come near!"

"I should have sent your ring and letters by messenger, Mr. Merrill, but I wanted to see you myself, to tell you what a miserable coward you are! Why were you not brave enough, when you had tired of me, to tell me so and not let the information reach me through another, as it did, this afternoon! When you found, in England, a woman whom you loved better than the one whom you had asked to be your wife, you should have been a man, and acted like an honorable one! No, you were afraid! After wooing and winning another—one whom you are bringing over surreptitiously—you trust to your diplomatic powers for freedom and graceful extrication!" Her voice has the vehemence, flash and furor of a woman who has been caressing and nursing all the soul-stirring anger that her nature is capable of, and her eyes have lost their beauty in flames of passion that burn in uncontrollable fury within their gold-bordered depths.

"What in Heaven's name do you mean, Edith?" gasps Merrill, so bewildered and astounded by this unexpected crusade that the volleys of words glance by without lacerating or piercing the victim.

"Wait! hear me out! I heard, by accident, the letter you wrote to Ashton Lispenard from Liverpool, telling him about that woman who is following you over, and I heard the abuse heaped upon me, your promised wife!" Here Miss Barthelow breaks down in sobs as the recollection of the tragical letter comes over her.

"That woman! Abuse for you! I do not understand. Pray enlighten me by some explanation, for all this talk is incomprehensible! I never murmured a word against you in my life! I know of no woman who is coming over!" the man says helplessly, a vague fear flitting across his mind that the woman before him is on the verge of a mental collapse.

Miss Barthelow turns upon him again, scorn and contempt depicted in eyes and voice, hurling the words as they form upon her lips: "It is useless to deny it! The woman whom you call Lady Mildred—Dolly! You see, I know all!"

Carter Merrill gives vent to a hearty, happy laugh, catches the angry little figure in his arms and enthusiastically exclaims: "My darling, Lady Mildred is as fine a piece of horseflesh as old England ever produced, and a jet black wonder in the way of equine beauty. She is a famous racer that I am bringing over for the Brooklyn Handicap. I wanted the news kept quiet until she arrived, but, by Heaven, all New York shall know to-morrow who and what she is!"

That the subject of education is receiving a fresh impetus in Knox county, as elsewhere, was shown by the gratifying response to the invitation extended by the Ossoli Circle on "Teachers Day." Almost every school in the district was represented by one or more teachers.

The Tennessee Women's Press Club holds its first annual convention at Nashville December 6th and 7th, composed of experienced writers and practical newspaper women. This organization promises to be both helpful and stimulating in the field of literature. The Nashville Press Women are arranging a delightful program for the entertainment of visiting members, while the elegant rooms of the Philharmonic Society have been tendered for the meetings.

Lo, there was on a time a city of some half hundred thousand inhabitants, and the city was built up with many large houses, and the streets were paved with brick and with macadam, and it was situated in the heart of the hills, and was fair to look upon. And behold there was much black mud upon the streets paved with brick, and there was much white mud upon the streets whereon there was macadam, and the ladies of the town did sorely soil their skirts, and the men of the town did soil patent-leather shoes upon the same. And there was in the city a large market-house, the pride of the people, and it was well built, of brick, a fair place for traffic in meats and in vegetables. And behold, carts and wagons lay thick about the market and on the streets on either side, and in the front and at the back of the same, and people did eat of melons and of fruits of all kinds and did fill the streets with peelings and cores and rinds and other remnants that they cared not to eat, so that no small drove of swine might have been fattened from what could have been gathered from the street about these carts. And the odor of the same was dreadful to the nostrils of the fastidious, but, an they liked it not, could they not dwell elsewhere?

And behold the city fathers met, and one said to another let us have clean city, and the city fathers arose, and spat tobacco juice upon the floor, and wiped the same up with the toe of his boot and said, "Go to, let us frame an expectorating ordinance, so that should any one spit upon our fair sidewalks the same shall be punished with a fine; and the city fathers rolled their quids in their cheeks and spat upon the floor, and said, "It is well, we will do this thing, we will have a clean city."

And behold it was noised abroad in the land that the city fathers had done this thing, and the papers boasted of the progress of the city and belauded these same city fathers, and said to sister cities, "see how clean we are." And behold one walked through the streets of the city day after day after the ordinance was passed, and saw to-bacco juice in as large globes as ever upon the sidewalks, and there was food for swine in the streets and the macadam was with mud as of yore, and there was no diminution of the black mud upon the brick. And the same hied him to his home, and sat and reflected, and then he smiled, and then he laughed, and then he came to him and said "why do you laugh?" And he answered and said I laugh at the joke of the city fathers, and how keen a sense of humor they have, for behold they will let barrels of rubbish be heaped upon the streets in all directions, and take no pains to remove the same, and hide themselves successfully behind a theoretically clean sidewalk and laugh at their own joke, and silly spit upon the sidewalk to show their own conception of the value of the ordinance they have passed.

Much interest is felt in the season of German Opera which will begin in Cincinnati some time in November.

## A POET'S MESSAGE.

HORTENSE BOOTH GILLESPIE.

HERE lived a poet with a heart bursting with unsung joy. She was happy with the trees and flowers, the birds and all the living, moving world about her. The very air she breathed was an untold delight to her, with its hint of half-forgotten scents.

The hills, their beds of dainty daisies; the wild, free gusts of wind, and sudden sweet rains; the valleys with their coy, hidden violets and laughing, bubbling springs, all gave her exquisite joy, and the music in her heart caused it to leap and throb in the effort for expression.

But the older poets, wiser than she, shook their heads and said, "Not yet. At the poet's sigh they answered, 'Thou canst not sing till thou hast tasted sorrow; it is useless.'"

So she lived her happy life on, with unwritten poems speaking from her eyes, and every thought a gem. Then the Other One came, and they loved, and the poet knew no sorrow. The music of her soul sang—sang, unrestrained, but for the two alone.

"Surely now it is time?" she questioned the Wise Ones. But they shook their heads again.

"Waste not thy strength and talents, O, Poet! thou canst not sing until sorrow hath touched thee."

And she yielded again, not sorrowfully, but gently, quietly. The Little One came; he nestled up to her heart and cooed at her surprise, and echoed the music within her.

A little poem, a love poem, he seemed to her; and at last the music would not be hushed, but burst forth gloriously, startling the listeners.

But still again they stopped her. "Not yet, not yet," and once more the lovely music was quieted.

Then the Little One left her and the poet and the Other One clasped hands tenderly, silently, over her loss.

"Now, the time has come; pour forth the volume of song, move powerful, richer and truer from the long restraint." So they urged her.

She shook her head sadly. The melody was gone from her forever. Hers was the song of joy, and sorrow had killed it.

They, the wiseacres, wist not that there are poets of light, and poets of shadow, and they assured her that it would return.

But it came not, too long had it been pent up, and the Little One had carried the music with him when he left.

The word received not her message.

## The Tale of a Town.

Lo, there was on a time a city of some half hundred thousand inhabitants, and the city was built up with many large houses, and the streets were paved with brick and with macadam, and it was situated in the heart of the hills, and was fair to look upon. And behold there was much black mud upon the streets paved with brick, and there was much white mud upon the streets whereon there was macadam, and the ladies of the town did sorely soil their skirts, and the men of the town did soil patent-leather shoes upon the same. And there was in the city a large market-house, the pride of the people, and it was well built, of brick, a fair place for traffic in meats and in vegetables. And behold, carts and wagons lay thick about the market and on the streets on either side, and in the front and at the back of the same, and people did eat of melons and of fruits of all kinds and did fill the streets with peelings and cores and rinds and other remnants that they cared not to eat, so that no small drove of swine might have been fattened from what could have been gathered from the street about these carts. And the odor of the same was dreadful to the nostrils of the fastidious, but, an they liked it not, could they not dwell elsewhere?

And behold the city fathers met, and one said to another let us have clean city, and the city fathers arose, and spat tobacco juice upon the floor, and wiped the same up with the toe of his boot and said, "Go to, let us frame an expectorating ordinance, so that should any one spit upon our fair sidewalks the same shall be punished with a fine; and the city fathers rolled their quids in their cheeks and spat upon the floor, and said, "It is well, we will do this thing, we will have a clean city."

And behold it was noised abroad in the land that the city fathers had done this thing, and the papers boasted of the progress of the city and belauded these same city fathers, and said to sister cities, "see how clean we are." And behold one walked through the streets of the city day after day after the ordinance was passed, and saw to-bacco juice in as large globes as ever upon the sidewalks, and there was food for swine in the streets and the macadam was with mud as of yore, and there was no diminution of the black mud upon the brick. And the same hied him to his home, and sat and reflected, and then he smiled, and then he laughed, and then he came to him and said "why do you laugh?" And he answered and said I laugh at the joke of the city fathers, and how keen a sense of humor they have, for behold they will let barrels of rubbish be heaped upon the streets in all directions, and take no pains to remove the same, and hide themselves successfully behind a theoretically clean sidewalk and laugh at their own joke, and silly spit upon the sidewalk to show their own conception of the value of the ordinance they have passed.

Much interest is felt in the season of German Opera which will begin in Cincinnati some time in November.

## WOMAN'S BUILDING.

A committee appointed by the executive committee of the Knoxville Centennial Building Association gives the following accurate account of the inception, progress and completion of the Building.—EBS. ECHO.

The women of Knoxville have long felt the need of a place that was always available and was suitable for holding the meetings of the various organizations, philanthropic, literary and social, which have sprung up in the last few years and have been such a large factor in the development of Knoxville's social and literary life. Many suggestions have been made and discussed, and abandoned as being impracticable, and beyond the reach of those interested.

When a business man of Knoxville proposed to the women that they bring back to Knoxville the Centennial Building which has represented us and our resources in Nashville at our State Centennial and resurrect it, and make out of it a permanent abode for an exhibit of counties' resources and use it for any other purposes they might wish, it was received by many with misgiving, but by others as the opportunity for the women to secure the long-wished-for building.

When Ossoli Circle decided not to take hold of the matter, the Woman's Executive Board of the Free Street Fair and Trade Carnival for 1897 called for a mass meeting of the women of Knoxville who were interested in the return and resurrection of this building to be held at the Chamber of Commerce November 27, 1897. Between twenty-five and thirty persons responded to the call. An organization was effected under the name of "The Knoxville Centennial Building Association." The following officers were elected:

Mrs. L. D. Tyson, President; Mrs. Samuel McKinney, Vice-President; Mrs. John Williams, Secretary; Mrs. J. E. Bentley, Treasurer.

A charter was secured and a stock company organized. The work of raising funds and interesting the public was carried forward rapidly. Mr. Albert Bauman was architect and Galyon & Selden contractors. The building went up with such rapidity that it was completed in less than a year from the time of its inception, and now stands on the historic grounds upon which the old court house stood for so many years.

It is a lasting tribute to the energy and wisdom of the Centennial Committee, who had it erected in Nashville, as well as a monument to the courage and patriotism of the women and their friends who brought it back and have secured it for the permanent public buildings of Knoxville. The lower floor is used for a permanent exhibit of Knox county's resources and for other public purposes. The upper hall and roof gardens are used for public and private entertainments, the meetings of the various women's clubs, lectures, concerts, etc. The County Court, appreciating the high purposes the women had in view and the advantage their building would be to the county and city, allowed the building to be placed upon the old court house lot upon terms advantageous both to the County and to the Building Association. The marble pagoda which so handsomely shows our marble resources, occupies one end of the building.

The work of selling stock, giving entertainments and devising means to raise money to meet running expenses and notes as they fell due, has been arduous and taxing in the extreme. This has been done by the Executive Board and only those who have had part in it know what the burden has been.

At a public meeting the stockholders held March 16th, 1899, it was suggested by our lawyer that in order that we might keep the stock in the hands of persons who would always be friendly not only to the building but to the interests of the promoters of the building it would be well to be careful of its sale—and in order to keep the controlling share in the hands of the women, he suggested that in the future in giving entertainments, to rent the building at the usual rates, after paying all expenses connected with the entertainment to invest the money in stock which would go to the liquidation of the debt.

Up to this time no one but the directors have availed themselves of this suggestion but any stockholders and any friend has the same privilege.

During the summer months when the revenues from rents were very small the Board decided in order to meet running expenses to open the building a few evenings in each week and serve refreshments. The roof gardens were cool and pleasant, the hall was delightful for dancing and one of the best orchestras in the city furnished the music. These evenings were always chaperoned by two members of the Board and nothing unpleasant ever occurred in the building.

It has been one of the unwritten laws governing the Board that they as a Board would never serve punch in any form in the building and this has been strictly adhered to, and of all the entertainments given in the building, and there have been a great many, punch has only been served twice. On both occasions by the persons who rented the building—the Board had nothing to do with it.

The building has been rented a few times by ladies who wished to entertain their friends at cards. These entertainments have been exceedingly elegant and pleasant. Mr. W. J. Bryant was given a banquet and it was pronounced one of the most elegant ever given in Knoxville, a city famous for its elegant entertainments. The women's building stands for the highest and best culture, for advancement along all the lines moral, intellectual and physical. The Board who control it have made it in the past and hope to make it in the future a place where the best class of entertainments can be given—where the best class of young people and older

people—and by "best class" we do not mean simply the richest class but the best moral and intellectual class, can give and be given entertainments.

Where a minister of the gospel if he wishes to do so can entertain his friends. Where all the women's organizations can have a convenient meeting place. It is the only "woman's building" in the South and it is the earnest desire of the management to have it reflect honor upon the business ability and moral purpose of our women.

## Matters Social.

The "Melancholy Days" by no means live up to their title. In crimson and gold of forest bravery, in deep blue of October skies, in dazle of sunshine and glory of Nature wreathed in her most affluent smile, Indian Summer ushered in the beginning of a veritable holiday season in the social world.

Wedding bells, as a rule, ring in a time of rejoicing, but never it seems, has the God of Hymen ascended his throne in Knoxville amid such general merrymaking. And then the number of weddings is something altogether hopeful in view of the dismal flat "marriage failure" and the query "is marriage outgrowing its popularity?" And still they come.

October will not hold a lone hand in the game of hearts. November is to be heralded by a pretty wedding in one of Knoxville's suburban homes. And in view of this comes the much discussed question, "the Church versus the home wedding." There is much to be said on both sides, with the balance of favor leaning toward the latter—when ye old fashioned folk sit on the jury of awards. An animated discussion of this point was in progress a few days since in a certain popular drawing-room.

"We'd never have a chance to show our gowns after all our trouble and money," said a demure little maid with the shrinking manner of the violet "born to blush unseen." "Everybody stands, at a home affair," she continued, "and then there's no aisle and no platform, or chancel, or organ or anything. And such a crush, we all get mused and scrouged up, and the truth is we don't count at all, except in Church."

"We?" someone asked. "The bridesmaids," she answered.

But there's no sort of doubt about the bride counting, despite the absence of accessories, and we like to see one assert her own individuality in matters matrimonial, notwithstanding "the maids' feelings—and gowns." We await with much interest and curiosity November bridal, which, by no means the first of its kind in Knoxville, will be the pioneer of the season '99-1900.

The presence of Lieutenant and Mrs. Valentine Nelson, of the U. S. N. has given quite a decided impetus to October entertaining. A dinner tendered them by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Worthington was a model of elegant hospitality. The Worthingtons and Nelsons are tried old friends from the same Maryland city, Annapolis, and this occasion was marked by a delightful informality that banished any possible trace of stiffness.

"En passant" does not the present style of entertaining tend rather toward the formal? Is not a trifle too much stress laid on the absolutely "correct thing?" ease and at the same time originality—by no means incompatible—are about the most charming qualities a hostess can acquire.

Mrs. Worthington is the fortunate possessor of many priceless heirlooms, antiques in silver and glass being conspicuous among these, and her table was chaste and rich in its appointments. The color scheme was white and green, flowers, candles, bonbons, the menu as far as possible—and even electricity was shrouded by the tender green of smilax.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Austin also gave a beautiful dinner in honor of the Nelsons, on Friday, when pink was the predominant hue, carried out under lace centerpieces, in Bridesmaid roses, ribbons, ices, and sweets. Lieutenant and Mrs. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McMillan were the guests who enjoyed this pleasant occasion.

Again, on Saturday, they were guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. John King Gillespie. Invited to meet them were Mrs. Mary Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McTeer, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Shields, Mrs. Watkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Erwin Borchers, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McKinney. Upon one never to be forgotten occasion Mrs. Gillespie, then Hortense Booth, enjoyed the grand Naval Review at Fortress Monroe under the delightful chaperonage of Lieutenant and Mrs. Nelson. Her dinner was dainty and served with exquisite taste, feathers, white chrysanthemums and asparagus plumosa furnishing the keynote of decoration. It would seem that Cupid had dictated the bridal hues for all functions, while he holds the reins.

Rarely in the bridal history of Knoxville, or indeed of any other place, has so marvelous a display of gifts been possible as the superb array of souvenirs showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Fay VanDeventer. There was a gratifying variety, many of rare value from an artistic standpoint. While almost inviolable to differentiate, the temptation to specify one, is over strong. Among the latest Mrs. VanDeventer's treasures is a picture, "On the Cattle Trail." I think it is, that must make the most casual spectator pause to drink in its wonderful power. The loneliness, the utter stillness, all the pulsing silence that hangs its pall about an Arizona desert, makes itself felt with a realism that is pain. The hotness, the atmospheric effects, the sky and the sand tints, the bleaching skulls, emblems of desolation, of longing, as the starving straggler with one last effort dragged

himself to a parched tuft of verdure, there to drop, to suffer, to die—it is a story, a tragedy told on a bit of canvas. It is such art as this that educates, not alone the eye and taste, but the mind and heart.

The Womens' Building has rarely appeared in prettier guise than on Wednesday night when Miss Elizabeth Kennedy entertained with a cotillon in honor of her guest Miss Cover, of Winchester, Virginia. It was the unanimous verdict that no prettier cotillon was ever danced in Knoxville.

Mr. F. H. McClung led, dancing with Miss Cover. By-the-way, Knoxville should have the opportunity to enjoy Miss Cover's music. Her talent both as musician and composer is pronounced, having had the advantage of cultivation across seas.

Many comments were passed on the unusually attractive dancing gowns worn on this occasion. A white organdie which was simplicity itself, was yet full of crisp beauty with its pleatings outlined in deep rose satin ribbon, the skirt above the pleatings tucked in half inch tucks between which ran rows of wider pink ribbon. The waist and sleeves were similarly adorned. Another, also organdie was yellow, corn or lemon yellow, all little black edged frills with the waist low, outlined fitch, fashion with a scarf of yellow, the skirt disporting itself upon the floor in the approved Japanese style.

The afternoon of Thursday was marked by a reception tendered in compliment to Miss Annie Dee McClung and Miss Griselda Scott, of Lexington, Ky., by Mrs. A. P. Lockett. These young ladies, with the fair hostess, were charmingly gowned, and new costumes were out in full force. Another black jetted net was noticeable, relieved by a single yellow velvet rosette, which struck an effective color note on the perfect fitting bodice. A striking yellow turban in velvet and chiffon, with pink trimming, completed this superb toilette. Grey proved the most popular tint among the costumes at this reception. A pretty girl wore a pretty tan silk, with lace applique about the skirt, a turquoise silk waist, garnished in flat passementerie effects, with the tan sleeves tucked, giving a quaint effect altogether pleasing. Tucks, by the way, find themselves favorites in the dress world, used in unaccustomed places, and on once incongruous materials. But fashion adapts all things to her use.

Old fashioned hospitality held sway on Tuesday night at the Lutz Home, Westwood. Mr. and Mrs. Lutz are excellent entertainers, embodying as they do the very essence of genuine hospitality. As such says "welcome, here all is yours, to enjoy as you will." Entirely without formality, a reception or "party" that good old word beloved of children and the past and passing generation, in this artistic home is a genuine pleasure. The whole house is full of a restful charm and hominess, but while enjoying the dainty supper in such attractive surroundings, I was reminded of my first peep into the model dining room. It was in the autumn, and I was bidden there I found a scaffolding, perched on which sat the mistress of the home and of the art which has served so well to enrich and perfect that home. I stood for a few moments watching the autumn leaves glow into visible splendor under the deft touch, and again on Tuesday I admire their unique frieze and fancied the value one must place on such visible results of her own handiwork. Trees, leaves, berries, holly sprays, chrysanthemums, everything breathing of nature's opulence in autumn time, wreath the walls of this beautiful room. The scarlet satin damask cloth, baskets of green and purple grapes, vases of vivid salvia and white chrysanthemums accentuated the glow and richness of tint.

## OCTOBER.

R. S. A., JR.

So crisp and clear, October's here,  
With myriad brilliant eyes;  
No regal train can o'er attain  
Such glow as in it lies.

No other air is half so fair,  
And pure, and clear, and sweet;  
No other light is half so bright—  
For Eden half so meet.

The forests gleam by hill and stream,  
With every varied tint,  
And every breeze wafts from the trees  
Bright showers without stint.

The wondrous light of strange twilight  
Plays o'er the western sky;  
The golden tinge rests like a fringe  
Around the clouds piled high.

But brighter still the joys that fill  
The happy evening hours—  
The moments spent in sweet content  
With hearts that beat with ours.

## MOTHER AND MAMMY.

This soulful bit of verse is by Miss Howard Weedon, of Huntsville, Ala. She verily seems to have dipped both pen and brush in her heart to write of the "absent," to whose memory she dedicates her book, "Shadows on the Wall." The illustrations, embodying as they do, types of the old-time darkey, are by her facile brush, and are both graphic and tender.

Among the ranks of shining saints,  
Disquipped in heavenly splendor,  
Two mothers' faces wait for me,  
Familiar still, and tender.

One face shines whiter than the dawn,  
And steadfast as a star;  
None but my mother's face could shine  
So bright—and be so far!

The other dark one leans from heaven,  
Brooding still to calm me;  
Black as if ebon rest had found  
Its image in my mammy!